



THE BORROWED SAREE

A Slice of Life/Romance 2-Character Screenplay in Hinglish

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LOGLINE: A woman borrows a saree for a wedding and returns to the shop to confess she ruined it, only to find the owner is the same woman she has been silently admiring for months. Their awkward conversation about stains, tailoring, and family expectations slowly turns into a tender confession. The twist is simple and sweet: the “ruined” saree was never damaged beyond repair, but both women are, and they decide to mend things together.

CAST / CHARACTERS: FORMAT: 2-Character Short Film (Duo Cast) | Character 1: Aditi (26)

LOCATION: A small dressing room with warm mirror bulbs, fabric hanging on hooks, one chair, and a window where evening rain softens the outside light.

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INT. SMALL DRESSING ROOM - EVENING

Warm mirror bulbs glow softly. Fabric hangs on hooks. One chair sits near a window where rain blurs the outside light. A makeup kit lies open on a small table. A saree box is clutched in Aditi's hands.

ADITI (26), reserved, in a simple kurta, hair clipped back, stands near the door like she may leave any second.

FARAH (27), lively, in a festive kurta and bangles, sits at the mirror, applying lipstick with an easy grin.

FARAH

(without turning)

Aaj itni formal entry? Koi complaint hai ya confession?

Aditi swallows. She places the saree box on the table.

ADITI

Main... saree wapas karne aayi hoon.

Farah turns, amused.

FARAH

Good. Time pe. Mere paas missing-saree department ka patience kam hai.

Aditi forces a small smile. Then...

ADITI

Actually... main usse kharab karke laayi hoon.

Farah freezes for a beat, then leans in.

FARAH

Kharab? Define kharab. Like stain kharab, tear kharab, ya emotional damage kharab?

Aditi opens the box with trembling hands. Farah takes out the saree.

CLOSE ON: A small stain near the border. A pulled thread. A tiny tear near the blouse piece.

ADITI

Candle stand ke paas... aur phir baarish mein...

(beat)

Mujhe laga main sab barbaad kar aayi.

Farah inspects the saree, then looks at Aditi.

FARAH

Tumne isko aise pakda hai jaise murder scene ho.

ADITI

Kyunki mujhe laga... waise hi hai.

Farah stands, takes safety pins from her kit, and spreads the saree under the mirror bulbs.

FARAH

Stain chhota hai. Tear bhi. Dramatic bas tum ho.

ADITI

(defensive, soft)

Mere ghar mein shaadi wale kapde se zyada logon ke sawaal heavy hote hain.

Farah pauses, then nods. A beat.

FARAH

Haan. Questions ka fabric sabse kharab hota hai.

Silence. Rain taps the window.

Farah begins pinning the saree carefully.

FARAH (CONT'D)

Blouse piece saath hai?

Aditi hands it over.

ADITI

Haan. Main sab sambhal ke laayi thi. Bas...

(small laugh)

Saree ne mera saath nahi diya.

Farah snorts.

FARAH

Saree ka mood off tha.

Aditi laughs despite herself.

Farah glances up in the mirror.

FARAH (CONT'D)

Waise tum itni baar boutique kyun aati rahi?

Aditi stills.

ADITI

Alteration ke liye.

FARAH

Har week?

ADITI

Haan.

FARAH

Har baar same saree dekhne?

Aditi looks away.

ADITI

Nahi.

(beat)

Har baar aapko dekhne.

Farah stops pinning.

FARAH

Kya?

Aditi's voice is barely above a whisper.

ADITI

Main bas... aapko dekhne aati thi. Aap laugh karti ho na, toh room thoda easy lagta hai. Aur... aap jab lipstick lagati ho, toh jaise kisi ko permission mil jaati ho saans lene ki.

Farah is caught off guard. She looks at Aditi through the mirror.

FARAH

Tum silently itni dangerous ho sakti ho, pata nahi tha.

Aditi lets out a nervous breath.

ADITI

Sorry. Main bas... bol nahi paayi.

FARAH

Main bhi.

Aditi turns.

ADITI

Aap bhi?

Farah nods, almost embarrassed.

FARAH

Mujhe laga tum sirf polite customer ho.

(small smile)

Main wait karti thi tum aao. Bahana mil jaata tha.

A beat. The air changes.

Farah picks up the saree and drapes it over Aditi's shoulder.

FARAH (CONT'D)

Dekho.

Aditi faces the mirror. The saree is imperfect, but beautiful.

FARAH (CONT'D)

Ruined kuch nahi hai. Bas thoda scared hai.

Aditi studies herself. Her eyes soften.

ADITI

Aur hum?

Farah smiles, then reaches into her kit and holds out a lipstick.

FARAH

Hum bhi.

(beat)

Par mend ho sakte hain.

Aditi takes the lipstick, amused and emotional.

ADITI

Aap tailoring bhi kar leti ho?

FARAH

Wedding season mein? Sab karna padta hai.

They both smile.

Farah adjusts one safety pin.

FARAH (CONT'D)

Kal wedding ke baad bhi aana.

ADITI

Kis bahane?

FARAH

Koi bahana mat banana.

Aditi looks at her in the mirror. Then, softly:

ADITI

Agar aap ho, toh zaroori bhi nahi.

Farah's grin returns, gentler now.

RAIN continues outside. The mirror bulbs glow warmer.

The two women stand together in the small room, mending the saree, mending the silence.

FADE OUT.